

## **Mother Hips**

### **"Mother Hips"**

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You used to be so beautiful  
In your father's house on the hill  
carrying your black bound book  
beyond the world of thrill  
we'd dream of blond-haired children  
who'd run between my legs  
you ordered me an omelet  
but I was not eating eggs

you gave me 547 days  
to try and find a start  
of the railway line to heaven  
where you arranged to send your heart  
I used to put an X across  
the days that you and I missed  
but I burned my calendar and gone to sleep  
and dreamed of your mother hips

the next time that I saw you  
your hair had turned to brown  
you yelled at me across the room  
but you did not make a sound  
you were standing with a widower  
who lost his will to try  
and was fooling all the drunken girls  
who came to see him cry

Late at night through the candle light  
I told you it wasn't just for kicks  
you said, "what?" and we nestled down into your  
mother hips

Late at night through the candle light  
I told you it wasn't just for kicks  
you said, "what" and we nestled down into your mother  
hips

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